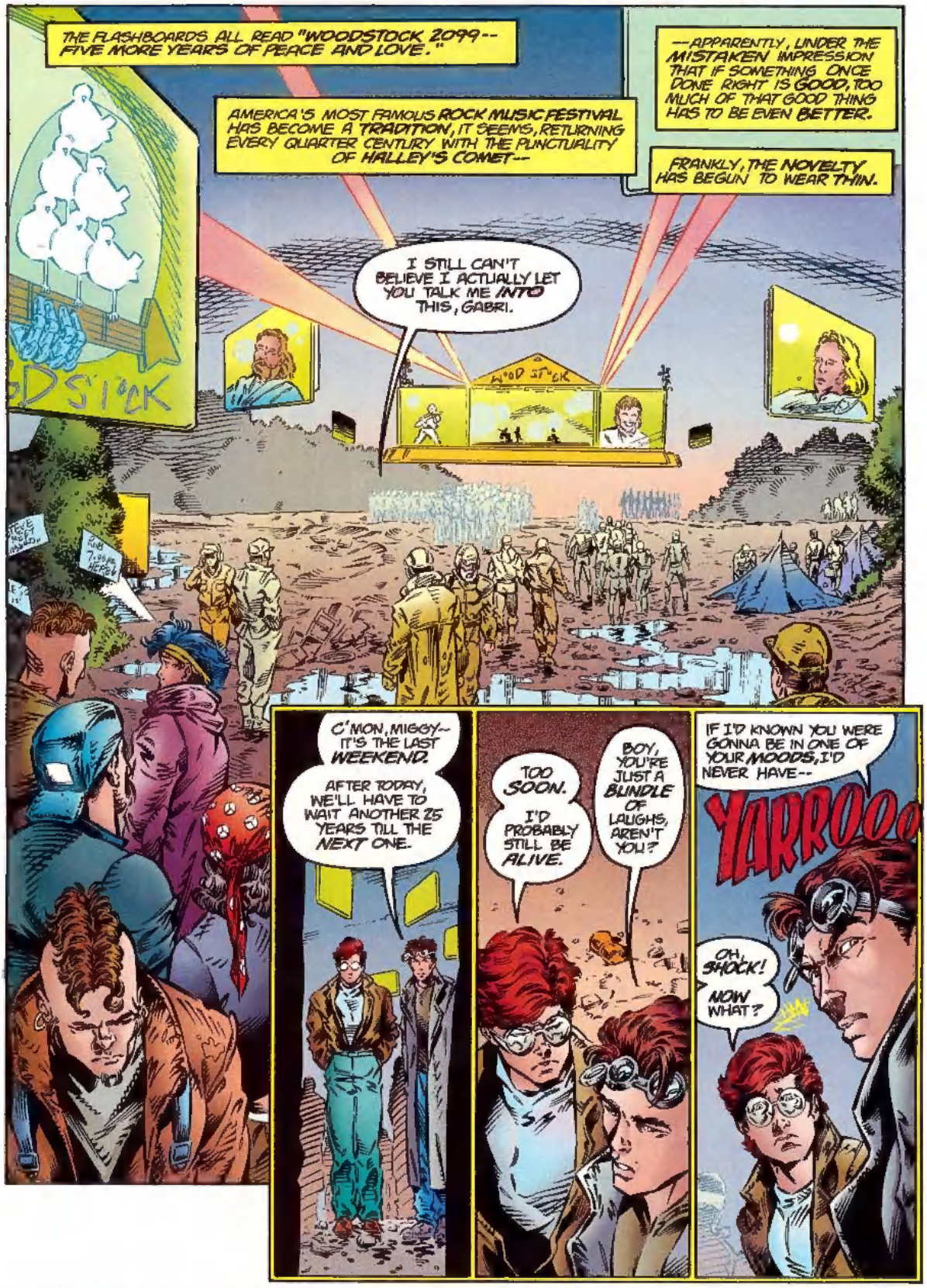
MARVEL COMICS
2099
10
OCT
2099
UNLIMITED
DIRECT EDITION
01011 >
7 59606 02354 7
$3.95 US $5.35 CAN


THE FLASHBOARDS ALL READ "WOODSTOCK 2099--FIVE MORE YEARS OF PEACE AND LOVE."
AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ROCK MUSIC FESTIVAL HAS BECOME A TRADITION, IT SEEMS, RETURNING EVERY QUARTER CENTURY WITH THE PUNCTUALITY OF HALLEY'S COMET--
--APPARENTLY, UNDER THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT IF SOMETHING ONCE DONE RIGHT IS GOOD, TOO MUCH OF THAT GOOD THING HAS TO BE EVEN BETTER.
FRANKLY, THE NOVELTY HAS BEGUN TO WEAR THIN.
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS, GABRI.
C'MON, MIGGY--IT'S THE LAST WEEKEND.
AFTER TODAY, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT ANOTHER 25 YEARS TILL THE NEXT ONE.
TOO SOON. I'D PROBABLY STILL BE ALIVE.
BOY, YOU'RE JUST A BUNDLE OF LAUGHS, AREN'T YOU?
IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE GONNA BE IN ONE OF YOUR MOODS, I'D NEVER HAVE--
YARROOo
OH, SHOCK! NOW WHAT?

2099™ UNLIMITED Vol. 1, No. 10, October, 1995. Published by MARVEL COMICS, Gerard Calabrese, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. Published quarterly. Copyright © 1995 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $3.95 per copy in the U.S. and $5.55 in Canada. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. Printed in Canada.

SHOCK! THAT GUY'S GROWING--RIPPING RIGHT OUT OF HIS CLOTHES--!
MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE, PEOPLE!
BOBBY'S GOTTEN HIS HANDS ON SOME OF THE BAD STUFF!
YARROOo
STUPID RAPTURE FREAKS--!
GABRI, HANG BACK HERE FOR A FEW TICKS?
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
GO GET 'IM, BIG BROTHER! I'LL BE FINE!
WEARING MY COSTUME UNDER MY CIVVIES IS BECOMING A HABIT. BUT WHERE TO CHANGE INTO...
...AH, WELL. ANY PORT-O-JOHN IN A STORM AS THEY SAY.
'SCUZE ME, PEOPLE--COMING THROUGH!
INTESTINAL EMERGENCY!
HEY, SOME OF US'VE BEEN STANDING IN THIS LINE SINCE THURSDAY, PUNK!
WAIT YER TURN.
I DO THAT AND THEY'LL HAVE TO CALL IN A HAZMAT TEAM, FRIEND!
BELIEVE ME, I'M DOING THIS FOR ALL OF US!
HEY, C'MON OUTTA THERE, MAN!
I'M WARNIN' YA--!
I'LL BE AS QUICK AS I CAN, PAL!
KEEP YOUR PANTS ON!
THAT'S MY PROBLEM!
WELL, THIS HAS TO BE A NEW PERSONAL WORST!
SKRITCH!
WONDER IF MY NAMESAKE EVER HAD TO ENDURE THIS KIND OF HUMILIATION?

CHAMELEON 2099
YEAH, SURE!
HOLY SHOCK! IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?
WELL, IT SURE AIN'T A HOLO-SIM OF CROSBY, STILLS OR NASH!
LEN WEIN: GUEST WRITER
ANDREW WILDMAN: PENCILER
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE: INKER
DAVE SHARPE: LETTERER
MIKE THOMAS: COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI: EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE: CHIEF
A Stan Lee Presentation

YES! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM--- ONE OF THE NIGHT CREATURES!
YOU MUST BE DESTROYED!
BOBBY--- NOOOO!!
SORRY, PAL--YOU FORGOT TO SAY "MAY I?"!
HEY, LET'S NOT BE THROWING STONES HERE, FELLA--
--OR ANYTHING ELSE FOR THAT MATTER!
MISS, YOU'D BETTER HUNT COVER!
YOU WANT TO TORTURE ME--DO TERRIBLE THINGS TO MY HEAD--!
"--BUT IT REALLY DEPENDS ON HIM!"
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING--- BUT I WON'T LET YOU!
I'LL KILL YOU FIRST--KILL YOU ALL!
PLEASE--- DON'T HURT HIM!
I'LL DO MY BEST---
ANOTHER ONE! ANOTHER OF THE CURSED DEMONSPAWN!
WELL, THAT PRETTY MUCH DECIDES THAT!
THWIPP
BETTER WEB HIM TIGHT BEFORE---
NO! YOU CANNOT HOLD ME!
YOU CANNOT STOP ME!

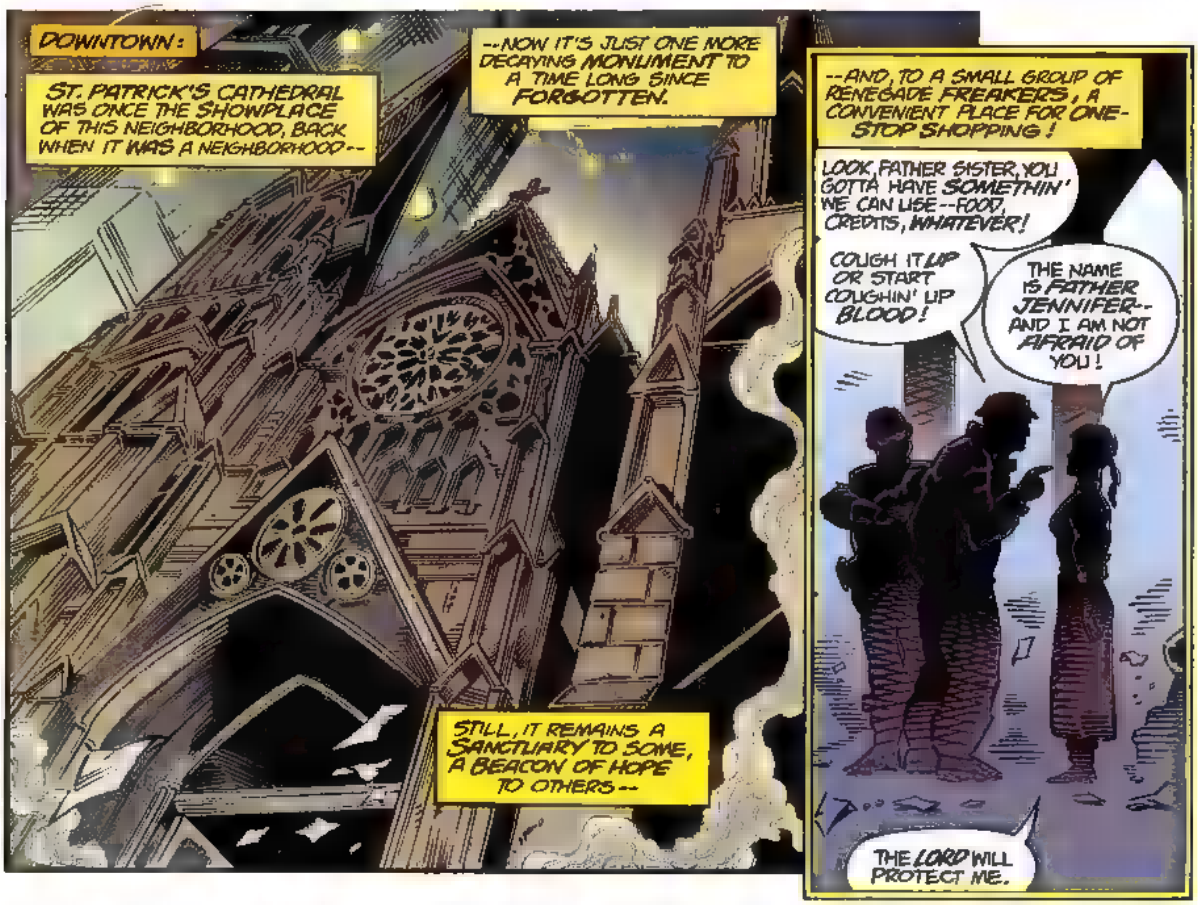
WELL, ACTUALLY BOBBY-BOY--
--I CAN!
WHHUFF!
BROK
Y-YOU HIT ME!
Y-YOU... HURT ME.
DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO, KID--
--BUT YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE!
N-NO! STAY BACK!
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
PLEASE DON'T-- >SQUEEE<-- HIT ME!
BOBBY? WAIT! DON'T RUN--!
NOOO! YOU'RE GONNA HURT ME AGAIN!
WHAT THE--?!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU UGLY LITTLE--
SKRUNCH
-OH!
>SQUEE<

OH GEEZ.
I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEP ON--!
BOBBY?
WHAT HAPPENED, MAN?
SHOCK, WHAT A MESS!
BOBBY, WHAT--
OH.
POOR KID LOOKS LIKE HE WAS HIT BY A MAGLEV BUS! HE'S...GONE.
GUESS YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, BOBBY--NOBODY CAN EVER HURT YOU AGAIN.
BUT WHOEVER SOLD YOU THE JUNK THAT CAUSED THIS, NOW THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER--
OKAY, SPIDER-FREAK--FREEZE!
--HUH?
THIS IS--THE PUBLIC EYE!
SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY--AND WE'LL PROBABLY TAKE YOU ALIVE!
HOW'D THEY EVEN KNOW I WAS HERE?
THEIR SHOCKIN' FLYING SPY-EYES MUST BE EVERYWHERE!*
*THESE EVENTS TRANSPIRE BEFORE SPIDEY 2099 #34! GOT IT?-- JOEY

I'M WARNIN' YA, PUNK, IF YOU AIN'T OUTTA THERE BY THE TIME I COUNT FIVE--
--YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA NEED ONE OF THESE AGAIN!
BAM
BAM
ONE.
TWO.
THREE.
FOUR.
FI--
YOU KNOCKED?
YEAH, I WANT YOU OUTTA THERE!
WELL, IT'S ALL YOURS NOW, PAL--
--BUT I'D PROBABLY WAIT AN HOUR OR SO TILL I WENT IN THERE IF I WAS YOU!
HUH?
OH... GROSS!
GANGWAY!
COMING THROUGH!
BURRITO BLITZ EMERGENCY!
HEY!
SLAM!
OH... SHOCK!

THAT POOR KID--!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY REACT TO RAPTURE LIKE THAT!
I MEAN, ACTUALLY SHIFTING SHAPE--?!
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE HE WASN'T HIGH ON RAPTURE, BROTHER MINE.
OKAY, THAT BOUGHT YOU MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION. GO ON.
WELL, I'VE BEEN HEARING WHISPERS LATELY ON THE NET--ABOUT A HOT NEW DESIGNER DRUG!
THE JUNK IS CALLED CHAMELEON!
THEY SAY IT MAKES YOUR BODY PLIABLE, SORT OF ALLOWS YOU TO PHYSICALLY BECOME WHATEVER YOU'RE FEELING!
IN OTHER WORDS IF YOU'RE AS FRIGHTENED AS A MOUSE YOU BECOME A MOUSE.
YEAH, I REMEMBER READING ABOUT CHAMELEON NOW.
ALCHEMAX DEVELOPED IT, THEN DECIDED IT WAS TOO UNSTABLE, EVEN FOR THEM--
--SO THEY LOCKED THE FORMULA AWAY SOMEWHERE, PUT THE PROJECT ON ICE.
CHAMELEON IS SOLD IN SMALL GLASSINE DOSERS CALLED SNAPSULES.
YOU JUST SNAP ONE BETWEEN YOUR FINGERTIPS LIKE THIS--
SNAP
--AND THE DRUG IS INSTANTLY ABSORBED THROUGH THE PORES IN YOUR SKIN.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY STOLE THE ORIGINAL FORMULA AND IS STREET-PEDDLING IT!
OBVIOUSLY.
AND IT'S UP TO ME TO FIND OUT WHO...

"...STARTING BACK AT ALCHEMAX!"
ANY PROGRESS, COMPUTER?
DATA FIELD: CHAMELEON: SCANNING COMPLETE.
GREAT. DETAILS, PLEASE.
CHAMELEON: DESIGNER TELEMORPHIC HALLUCINOGEN DEVELOPED FOR ALCHEMAX BY DOCTOR WINSTON FONG-GOMEZ.
DRUG INHERENTLY UNSTABLE. PROBLEM CONSIDERED INSURMOUNTABLE. RESEARCH ABORTED.
AND DOCTOR FONG-GOMEZ.
NOT EVEN A CLUE?
EMPLOYMENT TERMINATED. CURRENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN.
LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: DOWNTOWN.
TERRIFIC.
DON'T YOU EVER TAKE TIME OFF, O'HARA?
HUH?
OH, IT'S YOU, JADE.
WOULD YOU RATHER IT WAS TYLER STONE?
I'M SURE THAT COULD BE ARRANGED, ACE.
BITE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE TONGUE, BIXBY.
WHAT'S UP?
WELL, I THOUGHT THIS WAS YOUR DAY OFF, BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE--
--WANNA GO GRAB SOME LUNCH?
GEE, NORMALLY I'D-- AH-- LOVE TO--
BUT I'VE GOT AN ERRAND TO RUN THAT JUST CAN'T WAIT.
CAN I TAKE A RAIN-CHECK?
I SUPPOSE SO--.
--BUT I WOULDN'T WAIT TOO LONG TO USE IT!
LOGGED AND NOTED. SEE YA LATER.


DOWNTOWN:
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL WAS ONCE THE SHOWPLACE OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, BACK WHEN IT WAS A NEIGHBORHOOD--
--NOW IT'S JUST ONE MORE DECAYING MONUMENT TO A TIME LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN.
STILL, IT REMAINS A SANCTUARY TO SOME, A BEACON OF HOPE TO OTHERS--
--AND, TO A SMALL GROUP OF RENEGADE FREAKERS, A CONVENIENT PLACE FOR ONE-STOP SHOPPING!
LOOK, FATHER SISTER, YOU GOTTA HAVE SOMETHIN' WE CAN USE--FOOD, CREDITS, WHATEVER!
COUGH IT UP OR START COUGHIN' UP BLOOD!
THE NAME IS FATHER JENNIFER--AND I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU!
THE LORD WILL PROTECT ME.

OKAY, PRIEST--IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANNA PLAY IT--!
LET'S SEE 'IM PROTECT YA FROM THIS!
WELL, ACTUALLY, THE LORD HAS MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN WASTE TIME ON SLAG LIKE YOU--
--SO HE SENT ME TO DO THE JOB FOR HIM!
HUH?
OH, SHOCK--NOT YOU!
C'MON, BROTHER--ACCELERATE!
AIN'T NOTHIN' WORTH FACIN' THAT!
WHO--?!?
OH--IT'S YOU AGAIN!

WHAT ARE YOU, MY PERSONAL GUARDIAN ANGEL?
DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT, FATHER?
I THOUGHT THE LORD WAS SUPPOSED TO PROVIDE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.
BELIEVE ME, THEY DON'T COME ANY MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN ME.
WILLIAM COWPER SAID THAT, SPIDER-MAN, NOT THE SCRIPTURES.
WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN HERE THIS TIME?
A MAN NAMED WINSTON FONG-GOMEZ. THEY SAY HE LIVES DOWNDOWN.
EVER HEARD OF HIM?
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HIM?
HE DESIGNED A DRUG FOR ALCHEMAX, SOMETHING CALLED CHAMELEON.
IT'S BEING SOLD TOPSIDE--AND IT'S NASTY!
I'D LIKE TO STOP ITS SPREAD BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HURT.
UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM--BUT I HAVE HEARD OF CHAMELEON.
IT'S BEING PUSHED DOWN HERE AS WELL--
--BY A SLIMEBALL WHO CALLS HIMSELF MAJOR JONES!
JONES RUNS A SNAPHOUSE A FEW BLOCKS OVER, HEAVILY PROTECTED!
YOU CAN'T MISS IT IF YOU--
SPIDER-MAN?
MAY THE LORD BE WITH YOU.

C'MON, MAN-- SNAP IT LID, WILL YA?
HAW! I SAID "SNAP", GET IT? I MADE A FUNNY.
YEAH--YOU'RE HILARIOUS!
NOW GIMME THE CREDITS IF YOU WANT THE GOODS!
MAN, LOOK AT THIS!
WE GOT US ENOUGH CHAM HERE T'KEEP US MORPHED FOR DAYS!
BETTER LOOK AGAIN, SLIMETRAIL!
HUH?
THWIP!
NOT AGAIN!
C'MON, MAN-- THAT'S ALL WE GOT!
WE'RE LEAVIN' THE CHURCH ALONE LIKE YA TOL' US--!
SO WHY D'YA KEEP HAUNTIN' US? WHAT YA GOT AGAINST US?
AGAINST YOU PERSONALLY, FREAKER...
...NOT A THING.
KRUNCH
AGAINST WHAT YOU STAND FOR...
...OH, I'VE GOT PLENTY!
SHOCK IT, MAN-- KEEP THE CHAM!
IT JUST AIN'T WORTH THE GRIEF!

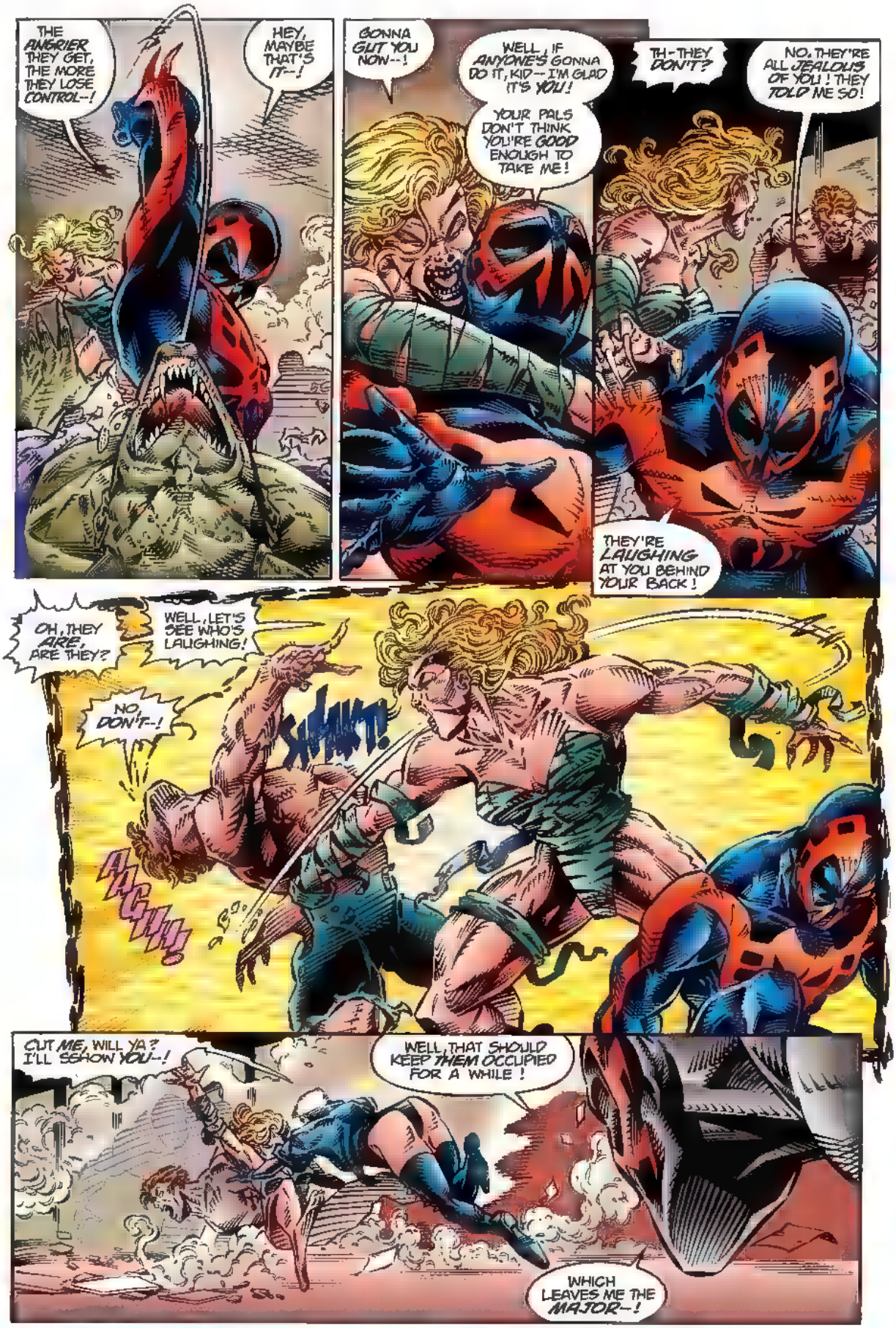
TOO BAD IT'S NOT ALWAYS THAT EASY--!
SNAPHOUSE IS WHERE FATHER JENNIFER SAID IT WOULD BE--
--AND, UNFORTUNATELY, SHE WAS RIGHT--!
PLACE REALLY IS BUILT LIKE A SHOCKING FORT!
ZKOW!
ZKOW!
EASY TO ACT TOUGH WHEN THERE'S THREE FEET OF RE:INFORCED CONCRETE BETWEEN US--!
THWIP!
WANNA TRY TAKING ANOTHER SHOT WHEN WE'RE FACE-TO-FACE?
SKOOWP
GO AWAY!
SLAKT!
SLAKT!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

Y'KNOW, I COULD JUST HUFF AND PUFF AND BLOW YOUR DOOR IN--
--BUT WHEN YOU'VE GOT TALONS THAT CAN EVEN DIG INTO PLASTEEL--
--I FIND THE DIRECT APPROACH--
--IS SO MUCH MORE EFFICIENT!
--LINSH--
SKRUNK!
DON'T SURRENDER QUICKLY!
JUST DO ME ONE MORE FAVOR, OKAY?

WELCOME, WEB-SLINGER.
THESE FINE FREAKERS CALL ME MAJOR JONES.
WHAT SAY YOU DO THE SAME?
SO, ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR I CAN DO YOU FOR?
GOT ME SOME FINE BLOW--
--AND WE'RE HAVING A SPECIAL ON CHAMELEON.
I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM YOU, SLEAZE!
I'M HERE TO SHUT YOU DOWN!
NOT SHOCKIN' LIKELY, M'MAN!
MY EMPLOYER WOULD FIND THAT MOST UNCOOL!
JUST HOW DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME, PUNK?
WHY, AS SIMPLY--
SNAP
--AS THIS!

WALL-CRAWLER WANTS TO TAKE AWAY OUR MIND CANDY.
ARE WE GOING TO LET HIM?
NO SHOCKIN' WAY!
WOW! THE DRUG REALLY DOES WORK INSTANTLY!
THEY'RE ALREADY CHANGING--
--AND THEY DON'T LOOK HAPPY!
SSSTEAL OUR FUN..?
WE WON'T LET YOU--!
RIP YOU UP--!
WE'RE GONNA GET YOU!

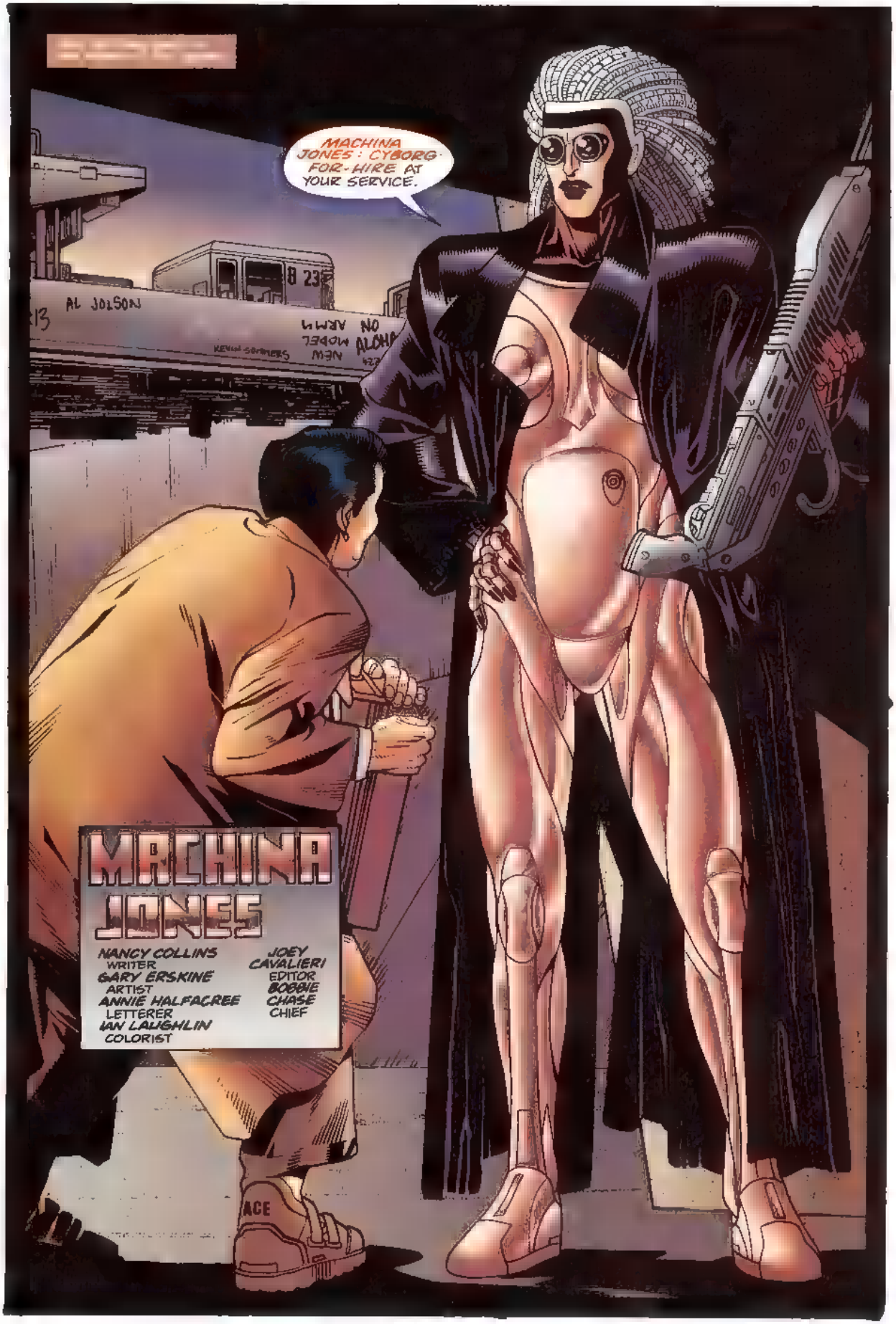
WHAT AM I FACING HERE?
DOCTOR SEUSS'S SECRET ARMY?
I HATE YOU, BUG--!
THWIPP
GONNA HURT YOU--!
GONNA MAKE YOU PAY--!
SKRIPP!
HOW STRONG DOES THAT JUNK MAKE THEM?
THEY TORE MY WEBBING APART LIKE IT WAS GOSSAMER!
DON'T WANNA HURT THESE KIDS--
--IT'S JONES I'M REALLY AFTER--
--BUT THEY'RE NOT LEAVING ME MUCH CHOICE!
WHUD!
UNNH!


THE ANGRIER THEY GET, THE MORE THEY LOSE CONTROL--!
HEY, MAYBE THAT'S IT--!
GONNA GUT YOU NOW--!
WELL, IF ANYONE'S GONNA DO IT, KID-- I'M GLAD IT'S YOU!
YOUR PALS DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE ME!
TH-THEY DON'T?
NO. THEY'RE ALL JEALOUS OF YOU! THEY TOLD ME SO!
THEY'RE LAUGHING AT YOU BEHIND YOUR BACK!
OH, THEY ARE, ARE THEY?
WELL, LET'S SEE WHO'S LAUGHING!
NO, DON'T--!
SKUNK!
AUGHH!
CUT ME, WILL YA? I'LL SEAOW YOU--!
WELL, THAT SHOULD KEEP THEM OCCUPIED FOR A WHILE!
WHICH LEAVES ME THE MAJOR--!

NO! CAN'T LET YOU WIN!
GOTTA STOP YOU!
HUH?
OH, WILL YOU JUST GET OFF MY BACK ALREADY?!
KUNG!
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
IT'S FINISHED, JONES. YOU'RE FINISHED.
MY BACK—! FEELS LIKE IT'S ON FIRE!
WHY?
Oh.
OH, SHOOOCK!

THE JOY--!
THE PAIN--!
I AM THE CHAMELEON--
ALL...
--AND THE CHAMELEON IS ALL!
AND NOTHING...
SWEET LORD!
IT'S STILL ALIVE.
...PUB-LIB-LIB-BLEASE...
...HEL-LIB-LIB MEEE...
IT'S TOO LATE TO HELP YOU, MAJOR...
...TOO LATE TO HELP ANY OF YOU...
...BUT HEAVEN HELP YOUR MYSTERIOUS BOSS WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
THE END--FOR NOW.

SQUID CO
FULL
SQUID CO 6198
Q
R
S
T
SYMPHONIUM OR DAM
AKA
HUH-HELLO?
ANYBODY TH-THERE?
YOU CAN EASE UP ON THE SWEAT, LAB-RAT. I'M HERE, ALL RIGHT.


MACHINA JONES : CYBORG FOR-HIRE AT YOUR SERVICE.
AL JOLSON
NO ARMS
NEW MODEL
ALOHA
MACHINA JONES
NANCY COLLINS WRITER
GARY ERSKINE ARTIST
ANNIE HALFACREE LETTERER
IAN LAUGHLIN COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE CHIEF
ACE

ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T FOLLOWED?
28!
I'M SURE.
WELK; RICHARD ■.
TARGET ACQUIRED
231068..
AHHH!

B 23
AL JOLSON
2/L:13
SONIC YOUTH
ROB MACCALLUM IS KIN
TARGET
S 3488 2263 343280 215
N 1234
Y 7705

UUUHHHHHH
PUPPET MASTERS Inc.

DOMESTIC
LEISURE
17
ANIMAL
VEGETABLE
EINE KLEINE NACHT MUSIC ?
MAGZ
NO MERCY
NO FUTURE
C'MON, GRANNY-- THIS WON'T HURT, MUCH.

OOOTOOIOOIOOIOIOOIOIIIOOIOI!
I HEARD GUNFIRE! WHEN YOU DIDN'T SHOW, I WAS AFRAID I WAS GONNA END UP STIFFED FOR MY FARE!
HEY-- WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?
BOOT IT, RICKY! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD!
NDKY
PELOSI
CHRISTAINE
ROLLINS
1968
JC
1997
WELL, EXCUSE ME! YOU CAN BICYCLE YOUR BUTT OUT TO YOUR NEXT NEAR-DEATH ENCOUNTER BY YOURSELF!
SO--WHERE TO, YER ROYAL HIGHNESS?
PAGODA GENERAL--AND STEP ON IT!

PAGODA + GENERAL
COLLINS 92
DISRAELI
KILL KRAZY NUNS
STEALTH 90
MEDICTA
MEDI
WELCOME TO PAGODA GENERAL WE PROVIDE THE FINEST CARE YOU CAN PAY FOR. PLEASE INSERT YOUR CREDIT CARD.

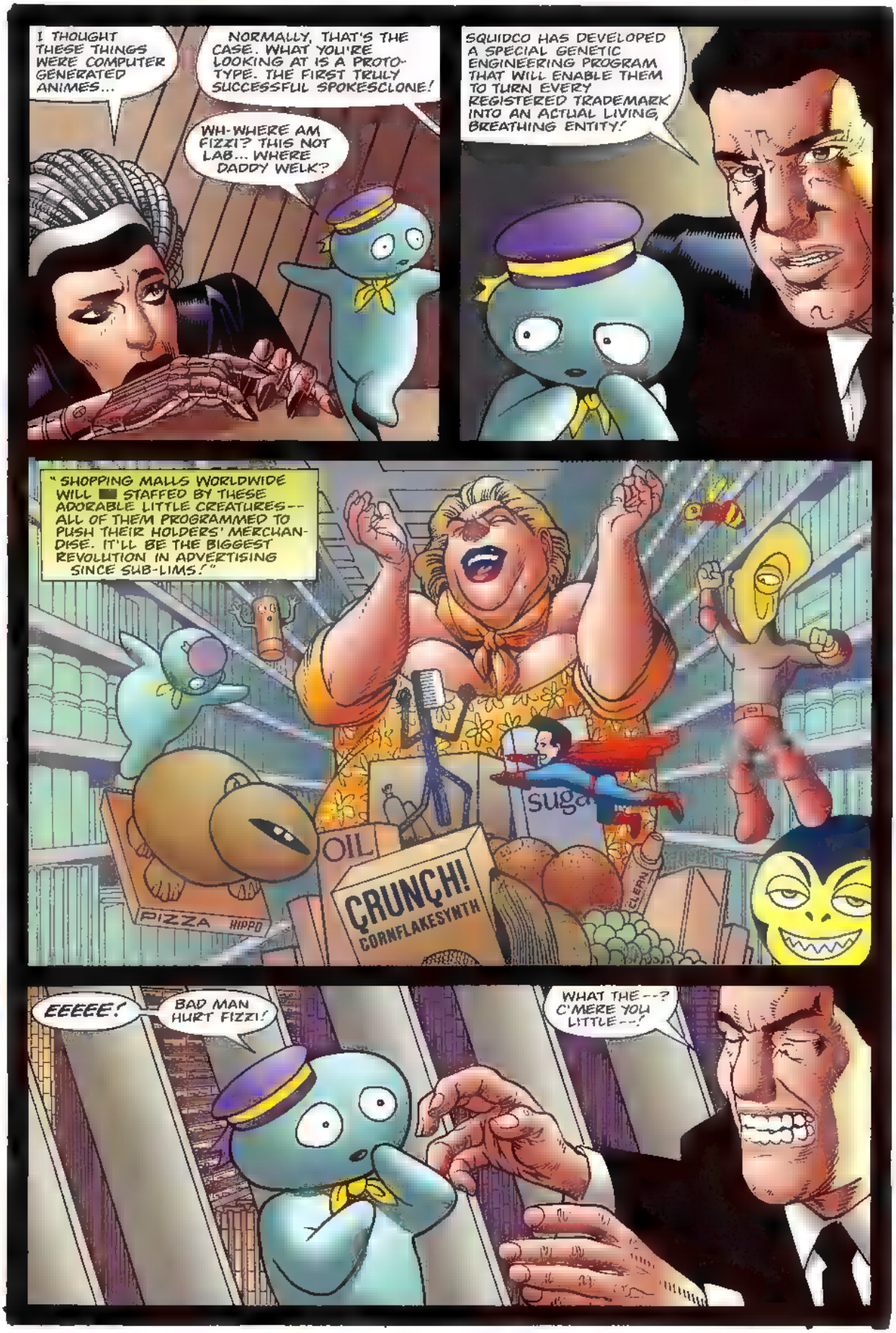
GOJIRO! OPEN UP!
MALHINA WHAT CAN I AUGMENT FOR YOU TODAY, MY DEAR?
I'M NOT BUYING-- I'M MAKING A DROP-OFF!
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE
WHO'S PAYING FOR THIS?
I AM-- AND IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO.
THIS WOMAN'S A MEAT PUPPET!
LOOK, GOJIRO, I NEED YOU TO RE-WIRE THE OLD LADY... MAKE IT SO THOSE SLIMERS AT PUPPET MASTERS CAN'T PULL HER STRINGS AGAIN. CAN YOU DO IT?

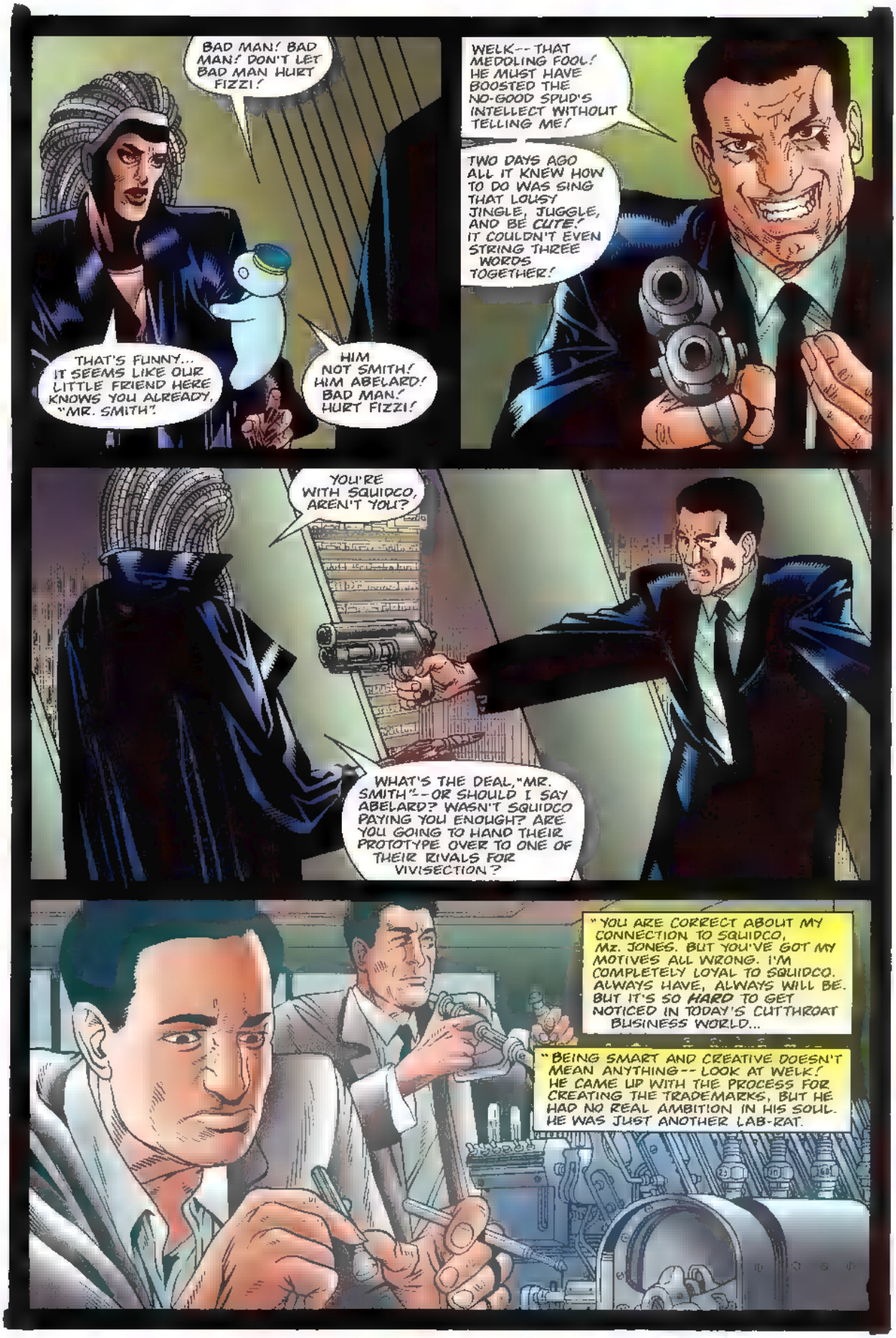
HMPH! OF COURSE I CAN! IT'S AS EASY AS RE-PROGRAMMING A TOASTER!
THOSE LAB-RATS AT PUPPET MASTERS ARE ASSEMBLY-LINE BUTCHERS COMPARED TO AN ARTIST SUCH AS MYSELF!
ATTABOY! I KNEW YOU'D RISE TO A CHALLENGE!
OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO IS HIGHLY ILLEGAL! THIS IS GOING TO COST YOU, JONES!
:GROAN: DON'T IT ALWAYS?
WHAT'S WITH THE OLD LADY? PUPPET MASTERS DON'T TAKE TO PEOPLE JACKIN' WITH THEIR UNITS.
IS SHE A FRIEND OR SOMETHING?
YOU COULD SAY THAT---
SHE TRIED TO KILL ME.

RENDEZVOUS SUITES & ROOMS
100% Soundproof
CITY CLEAN
Transit
No 23
SMITH
IT'S ME, "MR. SMITH." I'VE GOT THE PACKAGE.
VDU
AH! MZ. JONES! I ASSUME EVERYTHING WENT AS PLANNED..?
MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO. DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOUR CONTACT GETTING HIS BRAINS BLOWN OUT HIS LEFT EAR AND ME GETTIN' SHOT AT WAS PART OF THE "PLAN."
OH, DEAR--I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT DR. WELK. HE WAS A ... VALUABLE ASSET.
AND SINCE YOU'RE HERE, I ASSUME THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH IS--?
LET'S JUST SAY THE NIM'S PERMANENTLY OFF-LINE AND LEAVE IT AT THAT.

EXCELLENT! I'LL TAKE THAT, NOW--
WHOA!
YOU DON'T TOUCH NOTHING UNTIL I GET PAID, "MR. SMITH".
OF COURSE. HOW REMISS OF ME.
HERE'S YOUR PACKAGE. HOPE IT WAS WORTH A MAN'S LIFE.

OH, YES. IT IS INDEED WORTH IT, MZ. JONES!
WHAT THE HELL'S IN THERE, ANYWAY?
YOU DIDN'T BRIBE WELK TO SMUGGLE SOME KIND OF VIRO-TOXIN OR SUPER-POX OUT OF THE SQUIDCO LABS -- DID YOU?
HEAVENS, NO! I WOULDN'T WASTE MY TIME ON SOMETHING THAT SMALL!
NO, WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE IS A THING BEYOND PRICE! MORE VALUABLE THAN THE MOST PRICELESS GEM!
HELLO, EVERYBODY!
I- IT'S MR. FIZZI!
IF YOU WANT A SODA THAT WON'T MAKE YOU THINK ABOUT GLOBAL WARMING AND LIFE ON THE BRINK-- IF COOL AND REFRESHIN' IS THE KEY, --JUST GRAB A FIZZI-BURP. THE DRINK'S ON ME!


I THOUGHT THESE THINGS WERE COMPUTER GENERATED ANIMES...
NORMALLY, THAT'S THE CASE. WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT IS A PROTO-TYPE. THE FIRST TRULY SUCCESSFUL SPOKESCLONE!
WH-WHERE AM FIZZI? THIS NOT LAB... WHERE DADDY WELK?
SQUIDCO HAS DEVELOPED A SPECIAL GENETIC ENGINEERING PROGRAM THAT WILL ENABLE THEM TO TURN EVERY REGISTERED TRADEMARK INTO AN ACTUAL LIVING, BREATHING ENTITY!
"SHOPPING MALLS WORLDWIDE WILL [redacted] STAFFED BY THESE ADORABLE LITTLE CREATURES-- ALL OF THEM PROGRAMMED TO PUSH THEIR HOLDERS' MERCHAN-DISE. IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST REVOLUTION IN ADVERTISING SINCE SUB-LIMS!"
PIZZA HIPPO
OIL
CRUNCH!
CORNFLAKESYNTH
EEEEE!
BAD MAN HURT FIZZI!
WHAT THE--? C'MERE YOU LITTLE--!


BAD MAN! BAD MAN! DON'T LET BAD MAN HURT FIZZI!
THAT'S FUNNY... IT SEEMS LIKE OUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE KNOWS YOU ALREADY, "MR. SMITH".
HIM NOT SMITH! HIM ABELARD! BAD MAN! HURT FIZZI!
WELK-- THAT MEDDLING FOOL! HE MUST HAVE BOOSTED THE NO-GOOD SPUD'S INTELLECT WITHOUT TELLING ME!
TWO DAYS AGO ALL IT KNEW HOW TO DO WAS SING THAT LOUSY JINGLE, JUGGLE, AND BE CUTE! IT COULDN'T EVEN STRING THREE WORDS TOGETHER!
YOU'RE WITH SQUIDCO, AREN'T YOU?
WHAT'S THE DEAL, "MR. SMITH"--OR SHOULD I SAY ABELARD? WASN'T SQUIDCO PAYING YOU ENOUGH? ARE YOU GOING TO HAND THEIR PROTOTYPE OVER TO ONE OF THEIR RIVALS FOR VIVISECTION?
"YOU ARE CORRECT ABOUT MY CONNECTION TO SQUIDCO, MZ. JONES. BUT YOU'VE GOT MY MOTIVES ALL WRONG. I'M COMPLETELY LOYAL TO SQUIDCO. ALWAYS HAVE, ALWAYS WILL BE. BUT IT'S SO HARD TO GET NOTICED IN TODAY'S CUTTHROAT BUSINESS WORLD...
"BEING SMART AND CREATIVE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING-- LOOK AT WELK! HE CAME UP WITH THE PROCESS FOR CREATING THE TRADEMARKS, BUT HE HAD NO REAL AMBITION IN HIS SOUL. HE WAS JUST ANOTHER LAB-RAT.

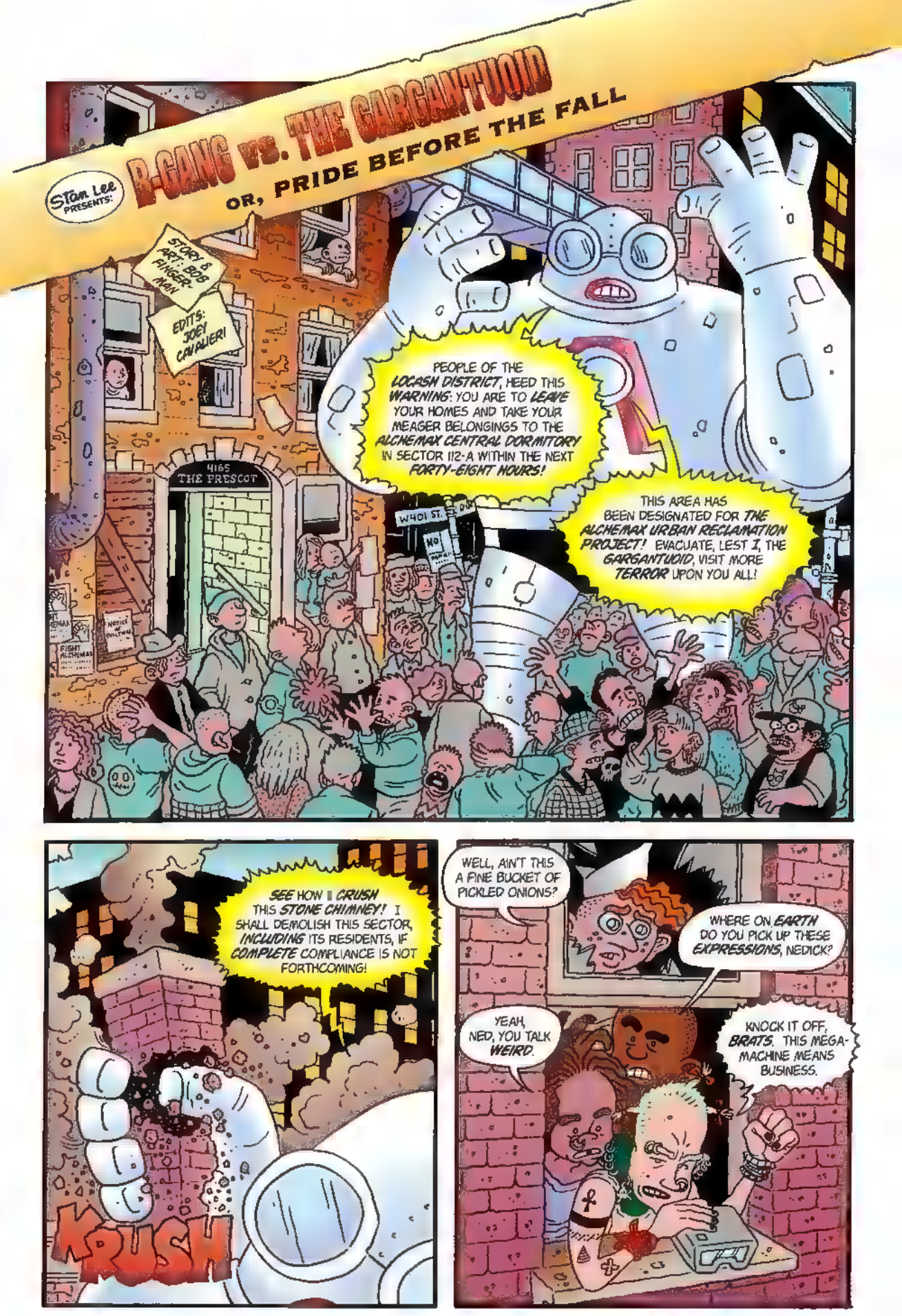
"I FED WELK PHONY INFORMATION CONCERNING THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS' DECISION TO ORDER BUDGET CUTS IN OUR DEPARTMENT--I EVEN FORGED DOCUMENTS STATING THAT THE TRADEMARK PROJECT WAS TO BE SCRUBBED AND THE SPECIMENS TO BE DISPOSED OF! THE PATHETIC NIM BELIEVED ME!
"I KNEW HE POSSESSED A FOOLISH ATTACHMENT TO THE SPUD, SINCE HE'D USED HIS OWN GENETIC MATERIAL IN ITS CONSTRUCTION. I TOLD HIM I'D ARRANGE FOR A WAY TO SMUGGLE THE THING TO SAFETY...
"THE REST YOU KNOW.
"THE POOR CREEP WAS CAREER-DEAD LONG BEFORE THAT MEAT PUPPET TOOK THE TOP OF HIS HEAD OFF! I WAS DOING HIM A FAVOR, REALLY.
"IN ARRANGING THIS LITTLE 'CRISIS', I PLAN TO DEMONSTRATE MY TRUE WORTH TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS. I'LL BE THEIR GOLDEN BOY--COMPLETE WITH MATCHING PARACHUTE!"
I ORIGINALLY PLANNED TO TURN THE TRADEMARK BACK TO THEM WHOLE AND UNHARMED. BUT THANKS TO WELK, THAT'S NO LONGER AN OPTION.
STILL, IF I PUMP ENOUGH INSULIN INTO THE LITTLE SPUD'S SYSTEM, I MIGHT [redacted] ABLE TO DAMAGE THE HIGHER BRAIN FUNCTIONS WITHOUT UNDULY AFFECTING THE ORGANISM ITSELF...
BUT FIRST, I HAVE TO SETTLE WITH YOU, CYBORG. I'D HOPED THE MEAT PUPPET WOULD HAVE SAVED ME THAT PROBLEM--BUT WHAT CAN I EXPECT FROM REWIRING A DOMESTIC INTO AN ASSASSIN?

WHA--?
I KNEW IF I LET YOU RATTLE ON, YOU'D GET CARELESS. YOUR MISTAKE.
YOU SUITS ARE ALL THE SAME--ALWAYS STABBING EACH OTHER IN THE BACK, DOING EACH OTHER DIRT--AND FOR WHAT? SO YOU CAN HAVE THE KEY TO THE EXECUTIVE TOILET!
I COULDN'T CARE LESS THAT YOU SET WELK UP--OR THAT YOU STOLE FROM YOUR OWN SHAGING COMPANY!
BUT WHEN YOU TRY AND WAX ME JUST TO MAKE YOURSELF LOOK GOOD WITH YOUR SLIMEBUCKET BOSSES--MISTER, YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL "T"!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU STINKIN' CYBORG!
AAH!

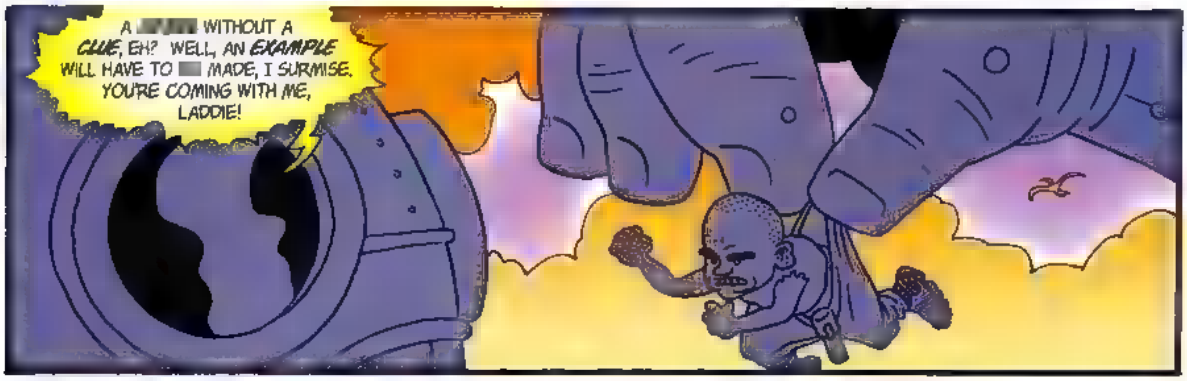
BETTER KISS IT GOODBYE, CYBORG--- ASSUMING IT'S REAL, THAT IS.
47
66
23
67
REM
62
81
05

WHERE THE SHOG DID SHE GO?
NO!
NOOOOO
MAN, THAT'S GOTTA HURT!

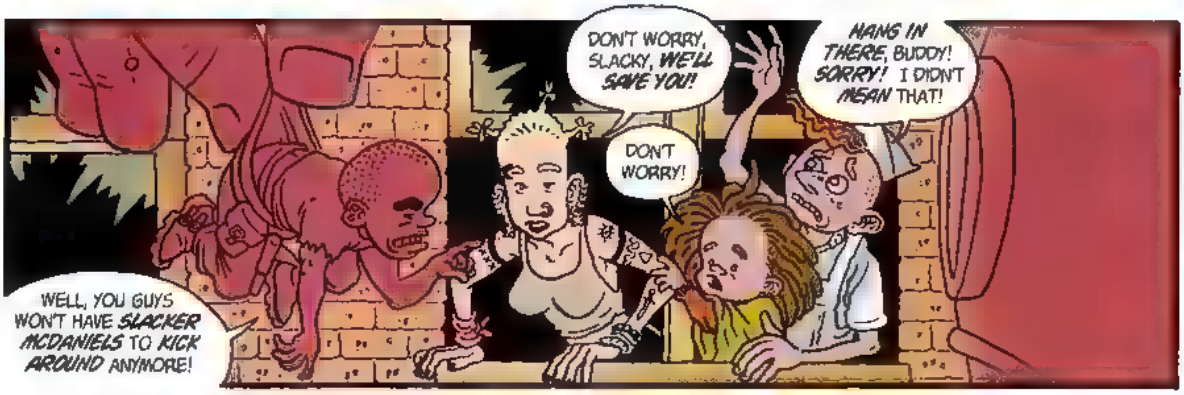
NOW, AS FOR YOU...
IF WHAT "SMITH" SAID ABOUT YOU IS TRUE, YOU'RE WORTH A DUMPSTER FULL OF CREDS TO SQUIDCO...
EEP!
PLEASE NOT SEND FIZZI BACK! THEY MAKE FIZZI SAY THINGS! THEY MAKE FIZZI DO THINGS! THEY GIVE FIZZI BUZZ-HURT IF FIZZI NOT SING!
PLEASSSE?
357 OVERDRIVE
DRINK No. 23 MILK!
Dry Trans POOL
sleeper
SRi
YORK 41448
ABELARD

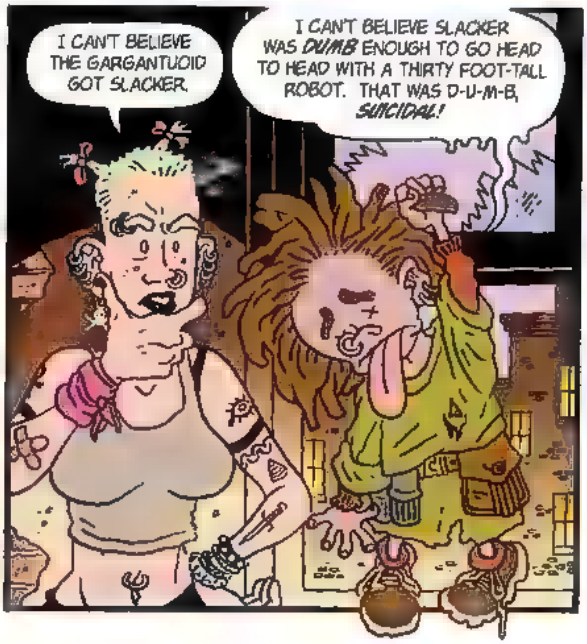

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
R-GANG vs. THE GARGANTUOID
OR, PRIDE BEFORE THE FALL
STORY & ART: BOB FINGERMAN
EDITS: JOEY CAVALIERI
4165 THE PRESCOT
W 40TH ST.
PEOPLE OF THE LOCASH DISTRICT, HEED THIS WARNING: YOU ARE TO LEAVE YOUR HOMES AND TAKE YOUR MEAGER BELONGINGS TO THE ALCHEMAX CENTRAL DORMITORY IN SECTOR 112-A WITHIN THE NEXT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!
THIS AREA HAS BEEN DESIGNATED FOR THE ALCHEMAX URBAN RECLAMATION PROJECT! EVACUATE, LEST I, THE GARGANTUOID, VISIT MORE TERROR UPON YOU ALL!
SEE HOW I CRUSH THIS STONE CHIMNEY! I SHALL DEMOLISH THIS SECTOR, INCLUDING ITS RESIDENTS, IF COMPLETE COMPLIANCE IS NOT FORTHCOMING!
KRUSH
WELL, AIN'T THIS A FINE BUCKET OF PICKLED ONIONS?
WHERE ON EARTH DO YOU PICK UP THESE EXPRESSIONS, NEDICK?
YEAH, NED, YOU TALK WEIRD.
KNOCK IT OFF, BRATS. THIS MEGA-MACHINE MEANS BUSINESS.

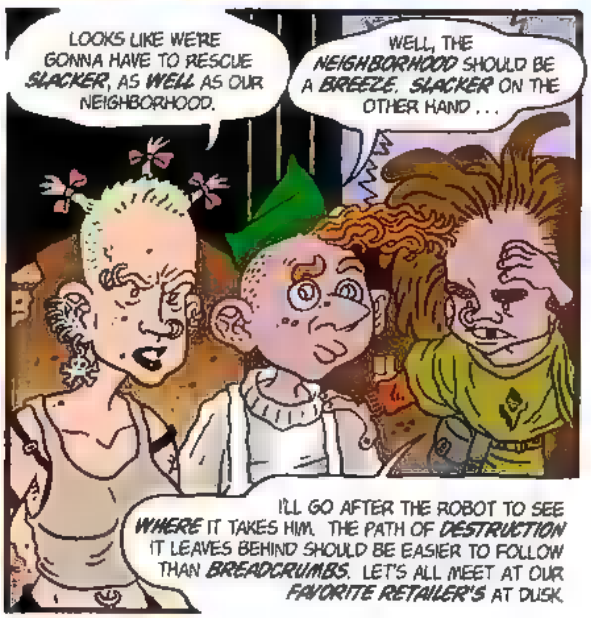
SEEMS EVERY TIME WE SETTLE OURSELVES INTO ANOTHER CORNER OF THIS CITY, EACH MORE WRETCHED THAN THE LAST, ALCHEMAX DECIDES THAT THEY NEED THAT LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN TO BE THEIR NEXT MEGA-GAZEBO, INDUSTRIAL PARK, OR WHATEVER.
I HEAR YA, TASH. BUT WE CAN'T KEEP BUTTING HEADS WITH THEM EACH TIME. I'M NOT EVEN SURE MIDGET'S SKULL HAS COMPLETELY HARDENED YET.
YOU'RE SO FUNNY, NEDICK, YA MELON-HEADED SON OF A GLITCH.
TAP! TAP!
PUNCH!!
THIS IS PRODUCTIVE. LET'S ALL SIT AROUND INSULTING EACH OTHER WHILE THEY RAZE THE ROOFS! ALL WE EVER DO IS BICKER! WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M TAKING A STAND, HERE!
THUMP
BUNCHA SORRY-LOOKIN', NO-BUSINESS BORN, ARGUMENTATIVE BABIES!
LISTEN HERE, ROBO-DOPE, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU ALCHEMAX MONSTERS KICKING US AROUND!

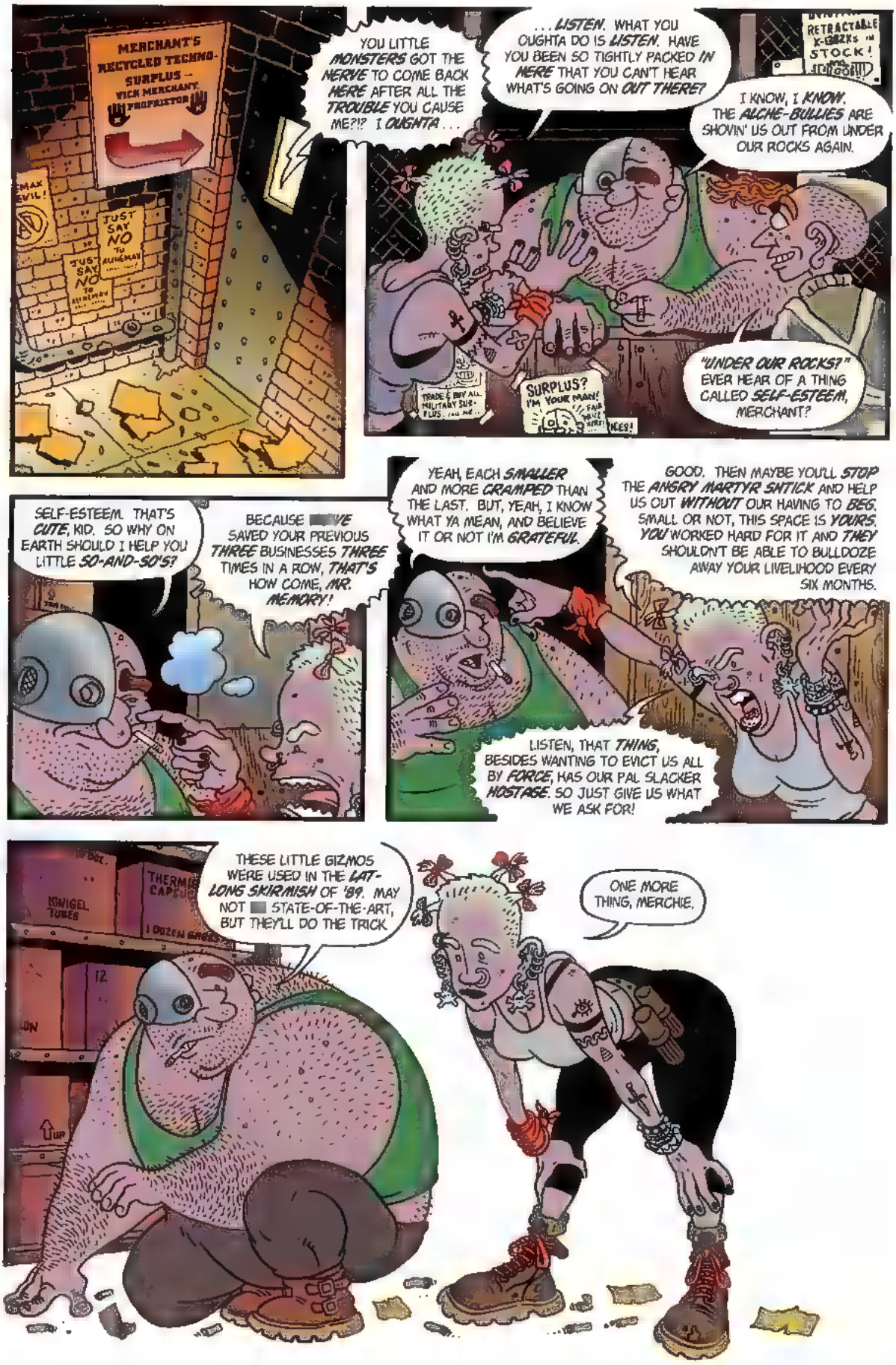

A [redacted] WITHOUT A CLUE, EH? WELL, AN EXAMPLE WILL HAVE TO [redacted] MADE, I SURMISE. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, LADDIE!

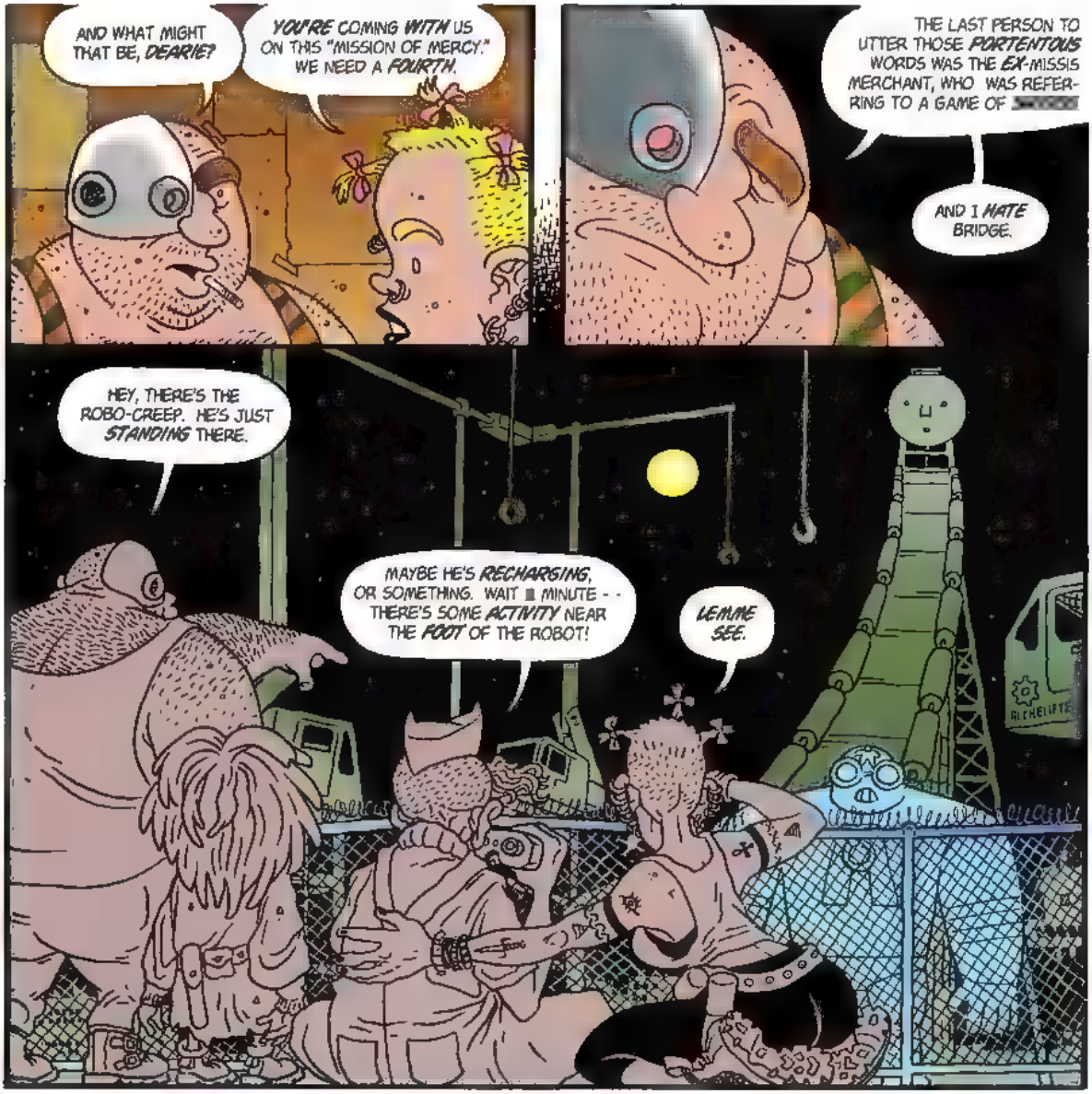
MARK MY WORDS, THE GARGANTUOID WILL NOT SUFFER THE INSURGENCY OF PUNY INDIGENTS! YOU HAVE LIMITED TIME, SO MAKE HASTE IN GATHERING YOUR PALTRY POSSESSIONS, DESTITUTE ONES!

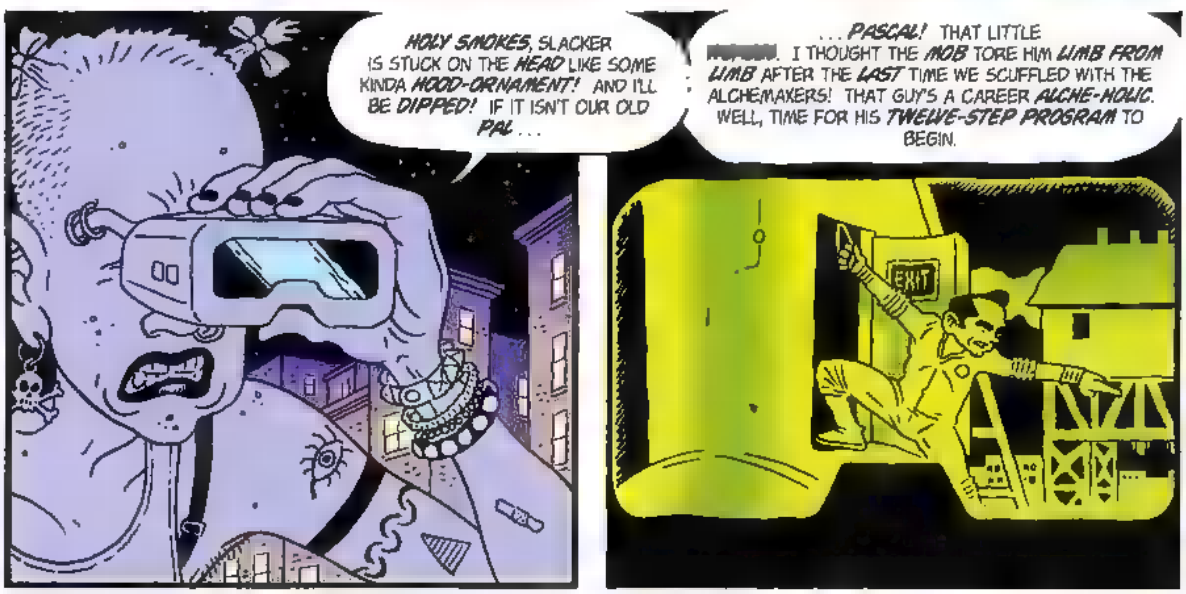

DON'T WORRY, SLACKY, WE'LL SAVE YOU!
HANG IN THERE, BUDDY! SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN THAT!
DON'T WORRY!
WELL, YOU GUYS WON'T HAVE SLACKER MCDANIELS TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE!


I CAN'T BELIEVE THE GARGANTUOID GOT SLACKER.
I CAN'T BELIEVE SLACKER WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO GO HEAD TO HEAD WITH A THIRTY FOOT-TALL ROBOT. THAT WAS D-U-M-B, SUICIDAL!

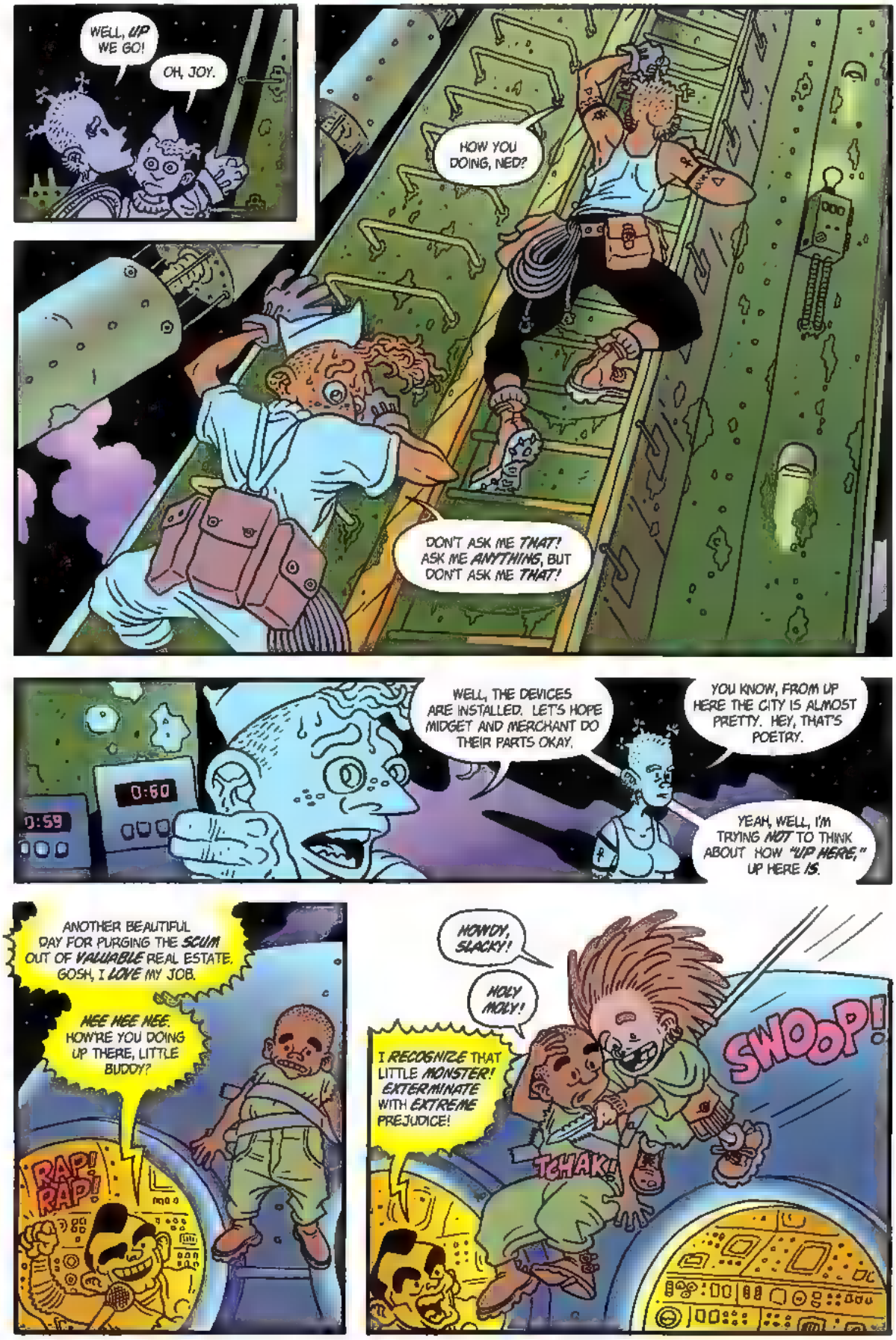

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO RESCUE SLACKER, AS WELL AS OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.
WELL, THE NEIGHBORHOOD SHOULD BE A BREEZE. SLACKER ON THE OTHER HAND . . .
I'LL GO AFTER THE ROBOT TO SEE WHERE IT TAKES HIM. THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION IT LEAVES BEHIND SHOULD BE EASIER TO FOLLOW THAN BREADCRUMBS. LET'S ALL MEET AT OUR FAVORITE RETAILER'S AT DUSK.


MERCHANT'S RECYCLED TECHNO-SURPLUS — VICK MERCHANT, PROPRIETOR
JUST SAY NO TO ALIENMAN
YOU LITTLE MONSTERS GOT THE NERVE TO COME BACK HERE AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSE ME?!? I OUGHTA . . .
. . . LISTEN. WHAT YOU OUGHTA DO IS LISTEN. HAVE YOU BEEN SO TIGHTLY PACKED IN HERE THAT YOU CAN'T HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
RETRACTABLE K-BARZS IN STOCK!
I KNOW, I KNOW. THE ALCHE-BULLIES ARE SHOVIN' US OUT FROM UNDER OUR ROCKS AGAIN.
"UNDER OUR ROCKS?" EVER HEAR OF A THING CALLED SELF-ESTEEM, MERCHANT?
TRADE & BUY ALL MILITARY SURPLUS . . . CALL ME . . .
SURPLUS? I'M YOUR MAN!
SELF-ESTEEM. THAT'S CUTE, KID. SO WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I HELP YOU LITTLE SO-AND-SO'S?
BECAUSE [redacted]VE SAVED YOUR PREVIOUS THREE BUSINESSES THREE TIMES IN A ROW, THAT'S HOW COME, MR. MEMORY!
YEAH, EACH SMALLER AND MORE CRAMPED THAN THE LAST. BUT, YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YA MEAN, AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M GRATEFUL.
GOOD. THEN MAYBE YOU'LL STOP THE ANGRY MARTYR SHTICK AND HELP US OUT WITHOUT OUR HAVING TO BEG. SMALL OR NOT, THIS SPACE IS YOURS. YOU WORKED HARD FOR IT AND THEY SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO BULLDOZE AWAY YOUR LIVELIHOOD EVERY SIX MONTHS.
LISTEN, THAT THING, BESIDES WANTING TO EVICT US ALL BY FORCE, HAS OUR PAL SLACKER HOSTAGE. SO JUST GIVE US WHAT WE ASK FOR!
KNIGEL TUBES
THERMI CAPSU
1 DOZEN GRE
12
THESE LITTLE GIZMOS WERE USED IN THE LAT-LONG SKIRMISH OF '89. MAY NOT [redacted] STATE-OF-THE-ART, BUT THEY'LL DO THE TRICK.
ONE MORE THING, MERCHIE.

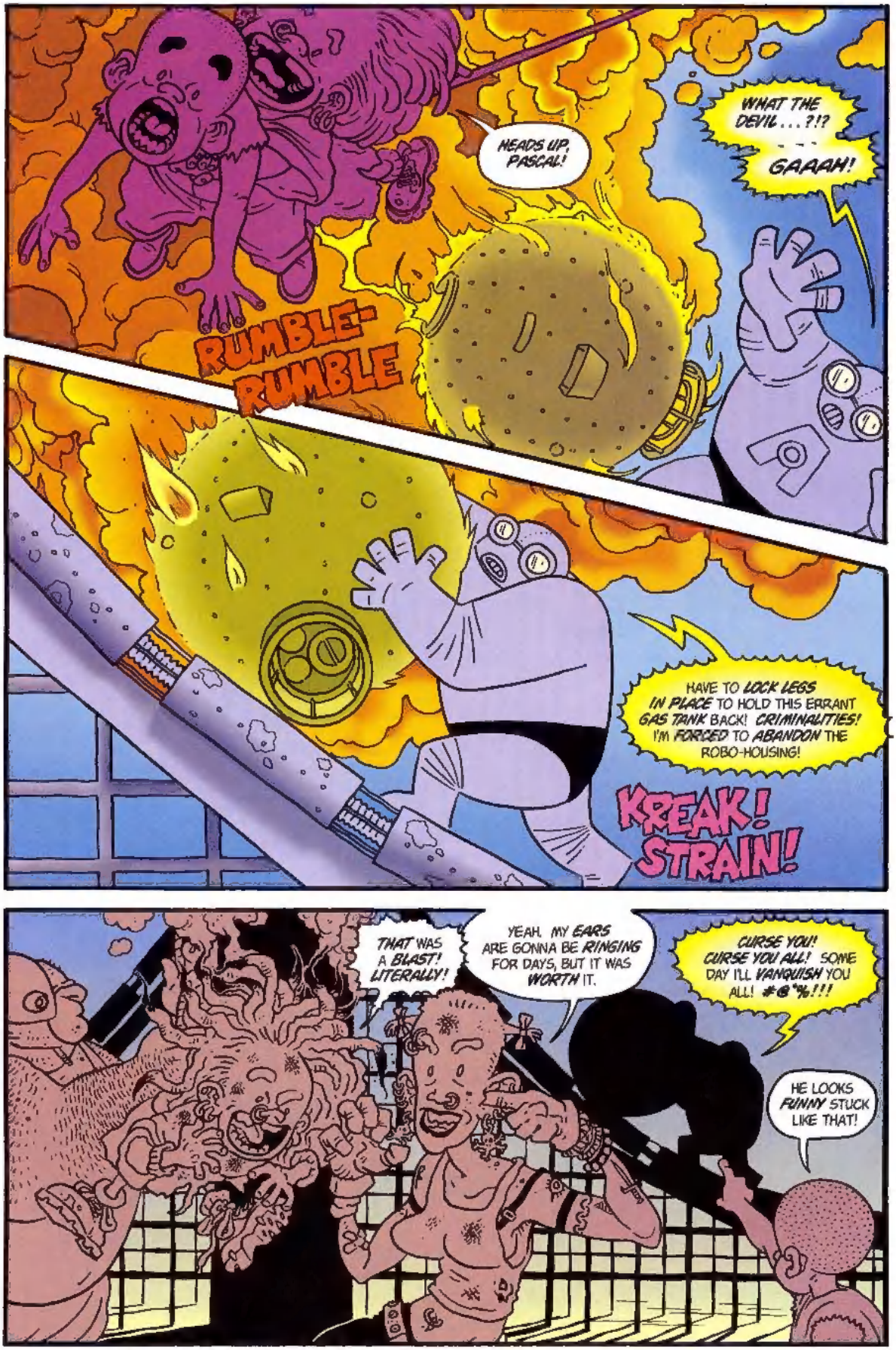

AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE, DEARIE?
YOU'RE COMING WITH US ON THIS "MISSION OF MERCY." WE NEED A FOURTH.
THE LAST PERSON TO UTTER THOSE PORTENTOUS WORDS WAS THE EX-MISSIS MERCHANT, WHO WAS REFERRING TO A GAME OF [redacted]
AND I HATE BRIDGE.
HEY, THERE'S THE ROBO-CREEP. HE'S JUST STANDING THERE.
MAYBE HE'S RECHARGING, OR SOMETHING. WAIT A MINUTE - - THERE'S SOME ACTIVITY NEAR THE FOOT OF THE ROBOT!
LEMME SEE.
ALCHELIFTS


HOLY SMOKES, SLACKER IS STUCK ON THE HEAD LIKE SOME KINDA HOOD-ORNAMENT! AND I'LL BE DIPPED! IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD PAL . . .
. . . PASCAL! THAT LITTLE [redacted]. I THOUGHT THE MOB TORE HIM LIMB FROM LIMB AFTER THE LAST TIME WE SCUFFLED WITH THE ALCHEMAXERS! THAT GUY'S A CAREER ALCHE-HOLIC. WELL, TIME FOR HIS TWELVE-STEP PROGRAM TO BEGIN.
EXIT

OKAY, MIDGET AND MERCHANT, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. NEDICK AND I WILL WAIT HERE, AND KEEP AN EYE ON PASCAL AND HIS NEW TOY.
CHECK!
I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS!
WELL, NEDICK, I HOPE YOUVE GOT A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS.
GULP. YEAH, WELL LET'S JUST HOPE THOSE TWO GET THEIR PARTS RIGHT.
YECCH! PASCAL'S TALKING WITH SOME TOTAL FREAKO. I WISH I COULD HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.
SO, NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW URBAN RENEWAL SCHEME? THE SINGLE-OPERATOR GARGANTUID IS A PRODUCT OF MY GENIUS! DON'T YOU FORGET THAT, MR. YORICK, SIR!
RIKEGENPLUS
DON'T GET TOO COCKY, PASCAL. YOUR TRACK RECORD IS WOBBLY, AT BEST. IF THIS EXPENSIVE DOO-JIGGER OF YOURS DOESN'T HAVE THOSE [redacted] WHELPS OUT OF SECTOR 113-N [redacted] NOON TOMORROW, WELL, NEED I SAY [redacted] I MUST LEAVE YOU, NOW. MY CABLES ARE GETTING A CHILL.
"MY CABLES ARE GETTING A CHILL." BAH. I HOPE YOUR WHOLE CYBER-ENHANCED NOGGIN FALLS OFF, YOU CREAKY OLD SO-AND-SO.
ALCHE-LIFTER
ARE YOU - - HUFF, PUFF - - SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO OPERATE ONE OF THESE CRANES?
YEAH - - WHEEZE - - I OPERATED SIMILAR STUFF IN THE [redacted]


WELL, UP WE GO!
OH, JOY.
HOW YOU DOING, NED?
DON'T ASK ME THAT! ASK ME ANYTHING, BUT DON'T ASK ME THAT!
0:60
0:59
WELL, THE DEVICES ARE INSTALLED. LET'S HOPE MIDGET AND MERCHANT DO THEIR PARTS OKAY.
YOU KNOW, FROM UP HERE THE CITY IS ALMOST PRETTY. HEY, THAT'S POETRY.
YEAH, WELL, I'M TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT HOW "UP HERE," UP HERE IS.
ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR PURGING THE SCUM OUT OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. GOSH, I LOVE MY JOB.
MEE MEE MEE. HOW'RE YOU DOING UP THERE, LITTLE BUDDY?
RAP! RAP!
HOWDY, SLACKY!
HOLY MOLY!
I RECOGNIZE THAT LITTLE MONSTER! EXTERMINATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE!
SWOOP!
TCHAK!

C'MON, POKEY, CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!
BRAZEN BRATS, I'LL SMITE YOU AND YOUR COHORTS! DON'T THINK MY MEMORY SO SHORT THAT I HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR WRETCHED LITTLE PUSS!
THUD THUD
BOY, I HOPE THIS CRANE GETS THEM HIGH ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB!
THOOM!
HERE THEY COME!
SO HERE WE GO!
HERE GOES!
YIIII!
BAWOM


HEADS UP, PASCAL!
WHAT THE DEVIL . . . ?!?
- - -
GAAAH!
RUMBLE-RUMBLE
HAVE TO LOCK LEGS IN PLACE TO HOLD THIS ERRANT GAS TANK BACK! CRIMINALITIES! I'M FORCED TO ABANDON THE ROBO-HOUSING!
KREAK! STRAIN!
THAT WAS A BLAST! LITERALLY!
YEAH. MY EARS ARE GONNA BE RINGING FOR DAYS, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.
CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU ALL! SOME DAY I'LL VANQUISH YOU ALL! #@%!!!
HE LOOKS FUNNY STUCK LIKE THAT!

HE KINDA LOOKS LIKE *SISYPHUS*, HOLDING THAT TANK IN PLACE.
YEAH . . . BUT *SISYPHUS* HAD A CERTAIN *QUIET DIGNITY* ABOUT HIM. THERE WAS A FUTILE *NOBILITY* TO *HIS* ACTION. HOW ABOUT WE CALL *HIM* *WUSSYPHUS*?
YEAH. THAT'LL DO.
PLEASE, *PLEASE*, OH *PLEASE* DON'T LET WHAT I *THINK* IS OUT THERE *BE* OUT THERE!
EXIT
I *KNEW* THEY'D BE OUT THERE! I *HATE* ENDINGS LIKE *THIS*!
EXIT
GET HIM!
YEAH! THE LITTLE RAT!
THERE HE IS!

UNLIMITED

Joey Cavalieri
Editor

Lia Pelosi
Assistant Editor

c/o Marvel Comics
387 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

Out Of My Head

This is the last issue of 2099 UNLIMITED. Working on it gave me a chance to test out a few of my pet theories about comics, and changed a lot of my thinking during my experiences editing it.

It's always been my feeling that if you continue to support and benefit from the status quo, the very least you can do is broaden the parameters of said status quo. Said status quo may not always agree, though, to put it mildly. As a young fan, I had my own prejudices toward offbeat material. The field was a lot wider and wilder than I gave it credit for being, and it took a long time for me to appreciate that. So I should expect the same delayed reaction time from other people.

To you brave souls who indulged me over the past ten issues, my heartfelt thanks. Maybe we'll get to do this again some time.

I was going to close this editorial with some snotty line like, "Don't write me with comments on this issue, write my bosses," but here's a better and faster way to do some good: share your back issues of 2099 UNLIMITED with a friend.

Dear Geniuses,

First the cliché: I've never written to a comic before and I'm proud to say that the world of 2099 has earned itself my first.

Second, the congratulations. Congratulations! You guys are unbelievable. The characters are innovative and entertaining. The art, writing, and inking are remarkable. And the world of 2099 itself is well thought out and absolutely the best setting I've seen in not only all comic books, but also many novels and movies.

Third, the demands.

1. Punisher 2099 Armory

2. More Lachryma stories.

3. A 2099 Earth Atlas (with character related places in detail, like New York, Transverse City and Latveria.

4. A timeline of major events that happened in 2099's past and one of present events showing what each character has done in respect to the others.

5. Another crossover with more character interaction.

Thanks.

Rich Faur
Brooklyn, NY

Thank you, Rich! We can't grant all your wishes, but we hope you enjoy the last issue, and the new character Machina Jones.

Dear Joey and Co.,

I have a dream. A dream of the Ultimate Comic. A comic with a high-tech cover. A comic with FIVE, yes FIVE different stories. A comic where the readers write in and vote who should be featured in those stories. That comic of course, celebrating the 5th Anniversary of the 2099verse, is (drum roll) 2099 UNLIMITED # 8.

Okay, am I asking too much? I can live without the high-tech cover, though 2099 UNLIMITED is the only title that hasn't received the first issue foil treatment. I could even be talked down to a standard (sigh) three characters. But you have to let us readers pick the characters.

Think about it: the 2099 titles have always been willing to try something new. I realize that this would be a lot of work for everyone, but surely the miracle workers at the mighty Marvel Bullpen (circa 2099) can pull it off. Ask the readers and see what they think.

I'll be ending my pleading by going ahead and casting my vote. I've gone ahead and put down five. But if you must, take the top three first.

1. Spider-Man. He is 2099 and should be included in any such collection.

2. Metalscream. My personal choice to take over the lead feature from Public Enemy.

3. Vendetta. Drawn by Tom Morgan.

4. Bloodhawk. After all, he deserves his own title.

5. Duke Stratosphere. Maybe his first adventure with Kid Current.

Bradley T. Peters
Normal, IL

Bradley, we'd actually love to do such a book, and you never know, one may eventually appear.

Dear 2099 Guys,

I can't believe you've actually done it. I mean, I knew it would a happen someday, but so soon? Do you realize this is the first issue you've done that has not introduced a new lead character in one of the three stories? Well, although I'm just a bit disappointed, I'd still like to make some comments on issue #8.

Public Enemy: What can I say? I opened up to the credits on the first page and was disappointed. I noticed the absence of Luke Ross' name. I thought he did such a great job on the prequel that he would get the job for sure. Oh, well. Needless to say, my disappointment subsided quickly when I saw Malcolm Davis and Chris Ivy took up the job. This has got to be my favorite 2099 art team. Anyway, about the story. I thought it was a pretty good re-intro of the character. I do have one minor complaint, though. You killed off White Dog too quickly. He could have made the perfect opposite to the Public Enemy. He could have been like Venom to Spidey. Speaking of which...

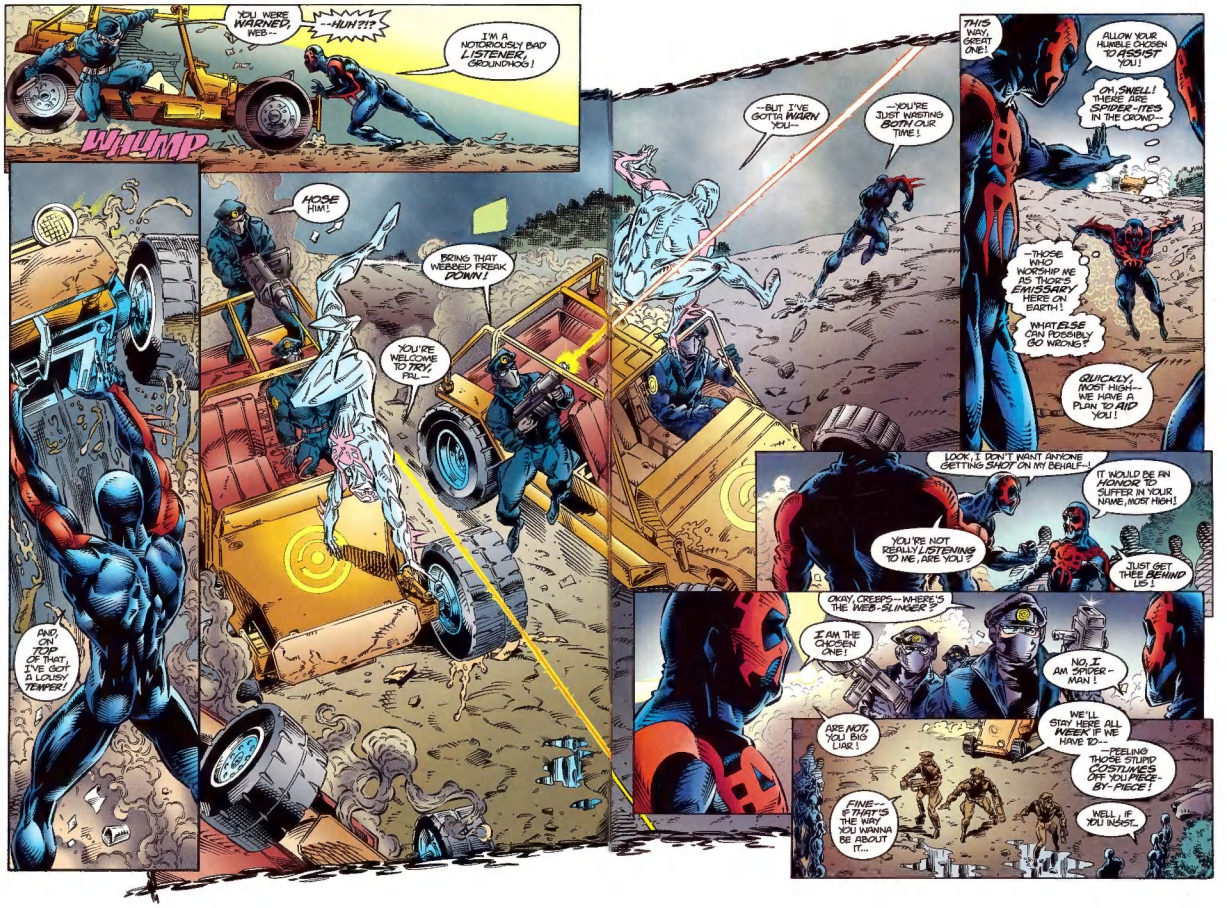
Spider-Man: Um, ookay.

Doom: I couldn't believe it! Another Ernie Colón Doom story! I can't get enough of this guy! I really liked this story and how it showed Doom's cruel side.

Well, I've rambled for long enough. So, until Doom rules America. (Just kidding) make mine... Well, you know.

Joe Kalicki
Plainfield, IL

Since we disappointed you with issue eight, Joe, we hope you enjoyed Warren Ellis' Steel Rain in issue #9 and Nancy Collins' Machina Jones this issue, drawn expertly by Gary Erskine.


YOU WERE WARNED, WEB--
--HUH?!?
I'M A NOTORIOUSLY BAD LISTENER, GROUNDHOG!
WHUMP
--BUT I'VE GOTTA WARN YOU--
--YOU'RE JUST WASTING BOTH OUR TIME!
THIS WAY, GREAT ONE!
ALLOW YOUR HUMBLE CHOSEN TO ASSIST YOU!
OH, SWELL! THERE ARE SPIDER-ITES IN THE CROWD--
--THOSE WHO WORSHIP ME AS THOR'S EMISSARY HERE ON EARTH!
WHAT ELSE CAN POSSIBLY GO WRONG?
QUICKLY, MOST HIGH--WE HAVE A PLAN TO AID YOU!
HOSE HIM!
BRING THAT WEBBED FREAK DOWN!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, PAL--
AND, ON TOP OF THAT, I'VE GOT A LOUSY TEMPER!
LOOK, I DON'T WANT ANYONE GETTING SHOT ON MY BEHALF--!
IT WOULD BE AN HONOR TO SUFFER IN YOUR NAME, MOST HIGH!
YOU'RE NOT REALLY LISTENING TO ME, ARE YOU?
JUST GET THEE BEHIND US!
OKAY, CREEPS--WHERE'S THE WEB-SLINGER?
I AM THE CHOSEN ONE!
NO, I AM SPIDER-MAN!
ARE NOT, YOU BIG LIAR!
WE'LL STAY HERE ALL WEEK IF WE HAVE TO--
--PEELING THOSE STUPID COSTUMES OFF YOU PIECE-BY-PIECE!
FINE--IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANNA BE ABOUT IT...
WELL, IF YOU INSIST.